King. Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*, there is yours.
There is yours, my Lord of *Masham*:
And sir *Thomas Grey*, knight of *Northumberland*,
This same is yours;
Reade them, and know we know your worthinesse.
Vnckle *Exeter*, I will aboord to night.
Why how now Gentlemen, why change you colour?
What see you in those papers,
That hath so chased your blood out of apparance?
Cam. I do confesse my fault, and do submit me
To your highnesse mercy.
Mash. To which we all appeale.
King. The mercy which was quit in vs but late,
By your owne reasons is fore-stald and done:
You must not dare for shame to aske for mercy,
For your owne conscience turne vpon your bosomes,
As dogs vpon their masters worrying them.
See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,
These englisli Monsters:
My Lord of *Cambridge* here,
You know how apt we were to grace him
In all things belonging to his honor;
And this vilde man hath for a few light crownes,
Lightly conspir'd and sworne vnto the practises of *France*,
To kill vs heere in *Hampton*. To the which,
This knight, no lesse in bounty bound to vs
Then *Cambridge* is, hath likewise sworne.
But oh, what shall I say to thee false man,
Thou cruell, ingratefull, and inhumane creature,
Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsell,
That knewst the very secrets of my heart,
That almost mightst haue coyn'd me into gold;
Wouldst thou haue practisde on me for thy vse?
Can it be possible that out of thee
Should proceed one sparke that might annoy my finger?
Tis so strange, that tho the truth doth shew as grose

As blacke from white, mine eye
Their faults are open,
Arrest them to the answer of th
And God acquit them of their
Exe. I arrest thee of high tre
By the name of *Richard*, Earle
I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Henry*, Lord of
I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Thomas Grey*,
Knight of *Northumberland*.
Mash. Our purposes God iu
And I repent my fault more th
Which I beseech your Maiesty
Although my body pay the pri
King. God quit you in his m
Heare your sentence.
You haue conspir'd against ou
Ioyned with an enemy proclai
And from his Coffers receiued
death,
Touching our person we seek
But we our kingdomes safety
Whose ruine you haue sought
That to our lawes we do deli
Get you hence, poore miserab
The taste whereof, God in his
To endure, and true repentan
Beare them hence.

Now Lords to *France*: The en
Shall be to you as vs, succes siu
Since God cut off this danger
Cheerly to sea, the signes of w
No King of *England*, if not K

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22291) LONDON, 1608 [1619] NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (But